



A HUMAN ADDING MACHINE.

The Korea Magazine

MAY, 1917

Editorial Notes.

TRANSPORTATION agreements made within the month between Japan and China will not only improve the relations between the two countries, but will bring many additional parties of tourists over the excellent broad-gauge railroads in Korea and Manchuria.

JUNE 7-8 the Christian Educational Association of Korea will hold its eleventh annual meeting at Songdo. The Association extends a cordial invitation to all engaged in teaching and others interested in any form of educational work. An interesting program is being prepared. Those expecting to be present should notify the Secretary, Rev. A. W. Wasson, Songdo.

EAST AND WEST

The man of the East has something to learn,
And also something to teach;
While the woolly West will find his turn
To practise as well as preach.
The East is old with his length of days,
And he acts in a way absurd;
And yet till the West has learned these ways
His teaching will not be heard.
The East has a motor of thought and deeds,
By which to make life spin,
But it's clogged with his ancestors' habits and weeds
That stifle his soul within.
The West has a new and proper machine,
That bursts from its bounds away;
While gentleness, courtesy, all that they mean,
Can wait till the Judgment Day.
Let's deal with the East in a way that is best,
Till she learn her a. b. c.,
In return for the hope that the woolly West
Will gentle and courteous be.

SPECTATOR.

SURE SIGNS

Tho there is a cold Northwest wind there is a real feeling of spring in the air.

The oft repeated signs of returning life are already to be seen. The birds flying about with a carefully selected feather in their bills, or perched on a scant foothold under the eaves craning their necks to find suitable foundations for a summer bungalow. Or may be on the windward side of a stone a more venturesome blade may be seen pushing its head up thru last year's faded carpet as if doubtful whether to invite or warn its drowsy or sleeping comrades.

Among these are other proofs confirming the age old promise "winter and summer, autumn and spring shall not cease."

See that stately native with his grand stride, his spinal column as straight as a measuring rod and as supple as fine steel. See how squarely he plants his foot tho the road is uneven; springing forward at each step as if surcharged with new life. No little short steps as if he had corns on his toes and blisters on his heels will at all suffice to give vent to his abounding energy. But why all this joyous motion, this release expressed in action? Today he has cast off his winter necessities, his heavily padded cotton clothing is laid aside and he has plumed himself in gauzy fabric thru which you can trace the outlines of his sturdy limbs.

His long white silk coat is wide open and as it flaps in the wind it sends out twinkles of light in the bright sunshine. The vest is also open exposing a beautiful yellow skin from throat to well below the summit of his compact stomach. A stiff black horsehair hat is tilted to about ten degrees to the left and withal gives him a debonair finishing touch.

You see him approaching from a distance, he quickly passes from sight but never from memory and the longer you live among them the more you will agree that this is a sure sign of spring.

B. U. D.

A HUMAN ADDING MACHINE

W. CARL RUFUS, Ph. D.

An item in the Seoul Press, Feb. 15, 1917, under the caption, "A Korean Mathematical Genius," contains the statement: "It is said that he (An Myengwhan) can add up twenty-five items of four figures each in seven seconds by mental calculation. By using an abacus, the time required by him in making the same addition is eight seconds." This report prompted the present writer to seek an interview with the subject of the article, a Korean lad sixteen years of age in the employ of the Land Investigation Bureau. An appeal to Mr. Yamagata, Editor of the Seoul Press, secured his kind assistance in making arrangements for a meeting. Mr. Suzuki, Director of the Bureau, and Mr. Akazaki, Head of the Section in which the lad is employed, kindly consented; and Mr. Oishi, Secretary of the Bureau, who speaks English fluently, gave his courteous cooperation. Professor Pack of the Chosen Christian College assisted at the time of the interview in making some simple tests.

The thoro organization of the work of the Land Investigation Bureau thru the principle of the division of labor has provided several thousand employees with specialized tasks. The field work of the surveyors thruout the entire peninsula, which was recently completed, provides material for the making of maps and plats showing the smallest land divisions. Three-hundred planimeters operated by Korean young men and women trace the boundaries of these small plats and indicate their area in units of three tsubo. (One tsubo is equal to 36 square feet). Three independent measurements are made and recorded without comparison. When the error from the mean exceeds one percent the area is remeasured. These measurements then appear side by side in three columns of twenty-five items each on a single sheet. One section of the employees spends its time adding these three horizontal numbers and recording the total, which represents the average determined area directly in tsubo. One young man turns off

a sheet in thirty seconds, i. e. he finds and records twenty-five sums each composed of three addends consisting of one, two or three figures each in half a minute. Checks and counter-checks test the accuracy, which is taken into consideration in connection with the rapidity in determining the scale of wages.

It falls to the lot of An Myengwhan and his associates to take the totals copied twenty-five in a column on a separate sheet and to determine their sum. At their daily work they employ the abacus and become very proficient in its use. An excels in combined rapidity and accuracy as his wage, the highest received, seventy sen per day, bears testimony. His special ability has twice been rewarded; once last year by Count Terauchi, again recently by the new Governor-General, who gave him a silver wrist watch.

An is a modest appearing boy of sixteen, bright and attractive, slight of stature and not rugged in health. His underdeveloped physique is probably due to sedentary habits and lack of exercise: height, four feet eight and one-half inches; weight, eighty pounds. His previous training was limited to the Government Common School of four years, from which he graduated four years ago without revealing any exceptional mental ability. Left fatherless soon afterward he entered the employ of the Land Investigation Bureau to provide for a family of four. His family history reveals nothing to indicate inherited ability of a special nature. Faithful in his work his habit of application and power of concentration have developed the special skill which he possesses.

In the use of the abacus he has dispensed with one row of beads out of the five rows in the lower part of the frame, finding them unnecessary in the process of addition. The other employees, however, use the standard type. Thru the use of the abbreviated form An gains a few seconds in every addition on account of the smaller number of beads to manipulate. In mental addition without the abacus, he begins at the top of the column of twenty-five numbers consisting of two, three or four digits each, his eyes running down rapidly until the bottom is reached when the answer is written down. His average time during the test we made was about ten seconds, the shortest one

being eight. He was under a little disadvantage and nervous tension due to the presence of strangers, which may have lengthened the time. No mistake was found in the sums obtained from the sheets he was accustomed to handle. Making use of some specially prepared typewritten columns he made no mistake in single, double, and triple columns, altho the new form of the figures and closeness of type noticeably affected him and lengthened the time. The solid columns of four digits in each number in typewritten form required twenty-five seconds and some mistakes were made. One he suspected during the process and announced that he thought the answer was wrong. Another one contained combinations designed to introduce a conflicting train of thought: in sets of five the first and second totals gave nines in the four places from thousands to units, while the third gave three nines and an eight. This sufficed to interrupt his calculation and to cause a mistake.

His mental process in addition appears to consist of a moving picture of the position of the beads of the abacus as he forms the partial sums from the top of the column to the bottom, while he operates mentally upon his instrument with the fingers of his imagination. The record time required by mental calculation alone being shorter than the time with the use of the abacus indicates that the mental process outstrips the time required for the mechanical manipulation of the beads. It is interesting to note also that he begins with the left digit and works to the right.

Easy tests revealed a good memory and an excellent sense of order. Glancing at a table on which ten articles were arranged he turned his back and named eight. Another brief glance and he was asked to give them in order. All ten objects were named, only one pair having their places interchanged. In addition he holds several numbers in mind at once, as was revealed by an upward look away from the paper just before writing the answer to a solid block of four columns.

Sometimes when walking along the street he performs addition; and frequently at night, as might be expected, he sees columns of figures before his closed eyes. Occasionally

he feels a slight pain in his temples, at other times there is a tendency to numbness in his whole body. Once in a while his nose bleeds. His habits are quite regular. He admits using tobacco, "Just a little," but he never drinks. He has no favorite amusements; indeed he claims that he is not fond of games and takes no recreation.

A phrenologist might find some special "bumps;" but he seems to possess the ordinary Korean "round head." Size, 20.5 inches around, forehead to back; 6.3 inches broad; 7.0 inches front to back; 25 inches around chin to apex. The frontal lobe is deficient, the upper part of the forehead having a decided slant. A slight depression is noticeable on the top of the head, which is otherwise very regular in outline.

The lad possesses exceptional skill in the addition of numbers. His rapidity and accuracy under ordinary conditions suggest the title of this article, "A Human Adding Machine." Whether he could develop equal skill even in the other ordinary arithmetical operations remains unknown. As he is entirely innocent of the logical processes and analytical methods of mathematics, we cannot say without further evidence that he might become a mathematical genius.

BIOGRAPHY OF KIM HONG SIK.

On Feb. 6th, 1881 in south Pyeng yang province, Dragon Mound prefect, in the village of Tai Tai in virtue ward there was born to a poor farmer a son who was named Hong sikie. Soon after I was born my father took a concubine and went to live in another village. My mother and elder brother and wife and myself continued to live at the farm and were continually in hard straits because of our poverty. When I became seven years old I began to attend the village school called Holy Virtue where I studied Chinese for seven years. After this as education improved by contact with western ideas I studied three years in a normal school where advanced teaching was given. From this time on I read many magazines and books and papers of many kinds on many

subjects from all of which I gained much profit. I entered the Theological Seminary at Seoul when 31 years of age, and now lack one semester of graduating. When 14 years of age my father sought me out a wife. He found a maiden 18 years old at a neighboring village of Bright Rising. She was a daughter of the An clan and we were married according to the Korean custom. (The description of this is obtained from another Korean.) On my wedding day I was dressed in a courtier's hat and robes and mounted on a Korean pony I made my way accompanied by friends and servants hired for the purpose to my bride's home. One female servant went ahead to announce my coming. One servant led my pony, others went before carrying the red official lanterns two by two. Before the house two friends supported me on either side as I dismounted. They escorted me to one side of a table upon which was spread a red cloth. I looked across the table and saw my bride for the first time. She was led in by two waiting ladies and took her position standing across the table from me. She was dressed in fine clothes and on either cheek and in the middle of her forehead was painted a bright red spot. Her hair was puffed out with immense rats and was bedecked with many gaudy ornaments. On either side of the table was prepared for eating two pheasants one a male and one a female. In the middle was a dish of home made wine and a cup. Two long threads of blue and yellow were wound about upon the table. They signified long life. A servant gave me a sip of wine after which it was offered to my bride to sip. She just touched her lips to it. After this my bride very slowly and gracefully made me a deep bow. After which I also bent low before her. During this ceremony a servant stood before the table with a live goose in his arms. By this the desire is expressed that the union be one of true fidelity. After this the servants led the bride to her room and then I was led to the guest room where I received the congratulations of friends. After feasting with my male friends I returned home accompanied by my servants. I had a room in the house especially cleaned and prepared for the reception of my bride. Along towards evening she came riding in a

covered sedan chair and accompanied by her servants and my best man. Upon the roof of the sedan chair was spread a leopard's skin to drive away all evil spirits. She was escorted to the room specially prepared for her.

My honored relatives came in and she made deep obeisance to them. She then remained in the room motionless and speechless as lifeless as a statue. I found her so when I came in late after having dismissed my visiting friends. As the doors and windows were made of paper I was careful to put up screens before them to keep away prying eyes. Then I approached my bride and gently took off her head gear and her outer wraps. She would not move to help herself. Then to break the spell of embarrassment and silence I asked her father's age and her mother's age how many brothers she had and how old they were and then I told her all about my family and taught her the days for sacrifice to my ancestors. And so was I married and loved my wife.

At 16 years of age my brother divided our little patrimony with me and I went to live in another house. At first we were very poor but my wife helped me industriously in the farming and soon we were in good circumstances, for farmers. At 17 years of age, in 1897, I heard the call of God and became a Christian. I was baptized by Dr. Noble in 1900, and for the love of Christ and the Church I did not spare my life or possessions. I prayed with great earnestness daily. There were many idol and spirit houses near which I hated very much, and there was a very popular devil house where most of the people went. The elders of the village informed the authorities that I had cast off the idols and evil spirits and would not worship them. So the officers seized me, bound me and beat me with wire whips. They then put me in shackles and sent me to the prison in Chinnampo. There I was fastened in stocks. I was 18 at the time. I preached to the jailor and by the grace of God after a day of imprisonment I was released. I returned to my village and all the people in the town who were in bondage to the evil spirits hated me, and wanted to kill me but since they could not they were much astonished at my early return, not expecting to see me again. After two

years I cut down a small devil tree which stood in a lonely place and upon which several votive offerings were tied. From that day every day in the village there were many fires and when the sorcerers were questioned they replied that the cause of the fires was the burning of spirit wood that had been brought in the village, and that the spirits must be propitiated by offering food and dancing. The villagers collected several tens of yen for this purpose and then several hundred people gathered and said I must contribute also. I replied that I was a Christian and would not give any money to the devil even though I die for it. With one mind they all set upon me and beat me, but an old man rescued me from them and though my clothes were torn to shreds I suffered no bodily injuries. I had a mind to run away and go to Hawaii America. I sold my home and land and went to Chinnampo and waited for the boat to come to take me to America, where many Koreans were going to work at that time. While there matters arose which prevented my going. Soon after I began to trade with the sum I had left from the sale of my property. I failed in business and lost my money, and I was in debt several hundred yen. I was in terrible straits and learned to use the sewing machine and did some work on that. I also did all sorts of coolie work. I also taught for a while in a Christian school. In 1908 I was made an exhorter and had many trials because of poverty. Besides this I became discouraged in spirit and I became sad and as one buried in Hell. In the midst of all this I did not reject God but sought to cling to his hand. At times I went away from home and stayed for some time and lived alone from place to place. In the Spring of 1907 tho I had decided to do God's will and give myself to his work, I sighed because I had not sufficient knowledge. I wanted to go to the Theological Seminary in Pyeng Yang but on account of lack of funds I was not able. So I thought of this plan. At Pyeng Yang there are many watercarriers. I made the outfit to carry water and went to Pyeng Yang to study. I sought a householder on south mountain and made a bargain to carry water for my board. I studied there a month and received instruction from Dr. Jones. At that time it was the time of the

descent of the Holy Spirit like dew upon all the mountains and rivers. At that time also I prayed day and night and the Holy Spirit came. I knew my sins as never before, I confessed them and God gave me His forgiving grace and I was made very happy. I arose before dawn and went out on the snowy hillsides and prayed and knew not the cold because of the warmth of my heart. I carried water up the hill in the early morning and to the tune of the creaking pails sang songs of praise. As I thus went up to my employer's house I cannot express the joy of my heart. After completing this class I went to my father's home where he had been selling strong drink for thirty years and with tears begged him to stop it. My father's heart was touched and he repented and became a Christian. I went to Chinnampo and helped the preacher there with great zeal. June 8, 1911, I became a local preacher. In June 1914 I became a probationer in Conference. In March of 1916 I was ordained deacon. During my six years in the pastorate, I preached for 8 months at Sam Wha and 5 years at Kang Saw. During this time all has gone well with me and I have experienced great joy and had a good time in the work. As I look back over the past I realize that I could not have accomplished one good thing if it had not been for the grace and help of God, and I give to Him all glory and praise.

YI KYOO-BO

Probably the most interesting Korean writer that ever lived was Yi Kyoo-bo. He flourished in the days when Richard Coeur-de-Lion and his crusaders were struggling for the heights around Jerusalem, and when Francis of Assisi was telling the little fish about how God loved them. So long ago it is, 700 years, and yet his words are alive with touches of humour and lines of genuine pathos even to-day.

His name Kyoo-bo means Kyoo, *star*; and Bo, *message*, "The message of the Stars." What did the stars tell him? Why they told him on the night preceding the examination that he would win the first place, and win it he did.

His world was not a peaceful one for he lived under one of the tidal waves of Asia, when the wild Kitan Tartars, and the Mongol hordes were overflowing everything. Some of his experiences are reflected in this prayer that he wrote out for the King :

"We, the king and officers of state, having burned incense, bathed and done the necessary acts of purification for the soul and body, bow our heads in pain and distress to make our prayer to God and the angels of heaven. We know that there is no partiality shown in the matter of dispensing blessing and misfortune, and that it depends on man himself. Because of our evil ways, God has brought death and war upon our state, by an invasion of the Tartars, who, without cause, have encroached upon our territory, devastated the outlying lands, and murdered our people. More and more are they encircling us, till now the very capital (Songdo), itself, is threatened. Like tigers are they after flesh, so that those ravished and destroyed by them cover the roadways. In vain are all our thoughts of ways and means to defend ourselves. We know not what to do to meet the urgency of the situation. All we can do is to clasp our bowing knees, look helplessly up and sigh.

"These Tartars are our debtors, really, and have received many favours from us ; and, heretofore, we have never had any cause to dislike them. Of a sudden has their fierce dread flood broken in upon us. This cannot be by accident, but must, we know, be due wholly to our sins. But the past is the past, and our desire is to do right from now on. Grant that we may not sin. Thus it is that we ask our lives from God. If Thou God, dost not wholly intend to destroy our nation, will You not in the end have mercy ? This will be to us a lesson, and so I write out this prayer as I make my promise to Thee. Be pleased O God, to look upon us."

Though he was Prime Minister, and the great man of his day, still his home had its sorrows. This poem marks one of the keenest that can touch the human heart :

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

"My little girl, with face like shining snow,
So wise and bright, was never seen before.
At two, she talked both free and clear,
Better than parrot's tongue was ever heard.
At three, retiring, sweet and timid, she
Kept modestly within the outer gates.
This year she had been four,
And learned her first wee lessons with the pen.
What shall I do, alas, since she is gone?
A flash of light she came and fled away;
A fledgling of the springtime she;
My little pigeon of this troubled nest.
I know of God, and so can calmly wait,
But what will help the mother's tears to dry?
I look out toward the distant fields,
The ears shoot forth upon the stalks of grain,
Yet wind and hail sometimes await unseen.
When once they strike the world has fallen full low.
'Tis God who gives us life;
'Tis God who takes our life away.
How can both death and life continue so?
These changes seem like deathly phantoms drear.
We hang on turnings of the wheel of fate.
Let's give it up since thus we are."

Though Prime Minister the even tenor of his home was disturbed by the Korean rat. At first, toward this creature, he was a pacifist, and wrote thus:

"Man steals what right belongs to God,
While you steal what belongs to man.
We're both alike, victims of mouth and appetite.
Why should I kill you for a common sin?"

Later he changed his mind as we see from his poem on the Cat:

“Your soft black coat is sleek and warm,
Your round globe-eyes have green inside.
A tiger’s cub you seem to be,
With voice that makes the deer to start.
I’ve tied you with a red string cord,
And feed you now on sparrow’s flesh.
From kittenhood you learned to claw,
And whip your tail and crouch full low.
I’ve been so poor through most of life,
I’ve had no chance to rear your breed ;
Till all my place ran raving wild,
With sharp-nosed rats that poked and spied.
They ate my clothes as daily fare,
And left me rags where garments hung.
In broad daylight they fought in view,
And rolled and kicked my inkstone o’er.
I hated them with deadly hate,
And swore to take them prisoners yet,
But they were far too spry for me,
And raced me round and round the room.
Behold you come, my home is changed,
And wild rat hordes are spelled away.
My walls are sound, partitions safe,
And grain and food supplies secure.
May not a day pass o’er your blessed head,
Without at least one tasteful rodent dead !”

Having for a number of years been an admirer of the versatility and skill with which Yi Kyoo-bo could handle the difficult Chinese character, the writer decided to find where he was buried and pay a visit to his grave. Looking up an old record it was found that he had lived in Kang-wha and that he was known as Paik-oon Sun-saing (White Cloud Teacher).

On May 18th, 1914, we rode out of Kang-wha prefecture on a little donkey at 5 A. M. on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Yi Kyoo-bo. The path led across the paddy-fields by a winding

way that was full of early morning surprises. We circled the well-wooded foot-hills dotted with many varieties of tree, the ginko, the salisburia, the sterculia, the cypress tree in which disembodied spirits are supposed to dwell. The call of the pheasant to his mate greeted us to right and left. In all his bronzed and golden plumage he was out with his family, bright and early, and as we came by he gave his cackling note of warning. Some times he would greet us with flight and go booming off through the air. Splendid birds they are that make all the landscape live with their bronzed and steel blue dress and magnificent power of wing.

Such was the way. Farmers were up and already at work. Across the paddy-fields dotted here and there with patches of softest green, where the seedlings grow, some were making their way carrying the plough on the back, at the same time leading the ox by the halter. Soon we beheld them on all sides up to the knees in mud, ploughing, levelling, trimming, combing this world of theirs that lies under water. Others were working huge ladies hung on a tripod, that were used to spoon the passing rivulets up into the paddy-fields. What a beautiful island Kang-wha seemed to be in the opening lights and colours of the day! From the higher elevations that we crossed, we caught glimpses of the Yellow Sea that surrounds, with its restless tides, the circuit of the island.

After we had ridden two hours, and it was now seven o'clock, Kim, who accompanied me, said we would have to leave the main road for a little in order to reach the grave of Yi Kyoo-bo. We left the donkey and the donkey man at a small thatched house and started across the paddy-fields toward a pine grove that rested on the hill side. It was so thick we could hardly get through it, but at last the dome shaped hillock that marks a Korean grave became visible. Two fearsome guards, cut from stone that time had worn deeply away, stood, one on each side. They differ in pattern altogether from anything that has been used for grave guards during the last five hundred years, and so we naturally concluded that they had stood there for the 673 years since the Master was buried.

In front was a small stone dated 1733. It read, "Minister Yi of Koryu, Duke Moon-soon, Earl Ha-eun, Kyoo-bo's Grave."

There were no photographs in those days and so we fail to get much idea of the appearance of the man. This, one of his own verses, may help us to partially glimpse him however :

'I'm bald and bare just like a child,
A hill without a stump or tree.
Ashamed am I to doff my hat,
A comb means nothing now to me.
If now my beard should leave me too
I'd be a Buddhist through and through.'

THE METHOD OF DEBATE.

The policy adopted by the missionary of putting on to the man of the East the same style of mail that he has worn with the heavy equipment of sword and spear, is dealt with in the book of Samuel Vol. I Chapter 17. To King Saul there was no other way to go forth to battle but as he and his fathers had gone. A man who did not do as they had done, was a fool and unfit to fight. Saul learned one day, however, that there are other forms of equipment that he never dreamed of, better than his too, though the whole outfit consisted of but a poor little pair of pantaloons, jacket, leather girdle and telegraph-boy's bag slung over the shoulder. In the midst of all the armour on that hill-side how contemptible it must have seemed,—this lad with the tanned cheek and the leather thong twisted round his hand. But the world still talks of that feat of David's. No four-point-seven gun ever made a better shot than his practised sling, while Saul and his armoured host looked on and learned a most useful lesson.

There are many ways in the world of doing things beside my way. The thing to do is not to arm David with a coat weighing twenty pounds, and greaves of brass another ten, and helmet and sword enough to crush the soul out of him : but to find first, what he knows in the way of guard and defence,

and take advantage of that. Fortunately David's skill came to light and we have in his story the finest lesson possible on the law of adaptation.

Missionaries, however, are usually like King Saul, tall of stature and fixed in their opinions. What is theirs and their ways must be given to the native, and he toggled out accordingly to do life's battle. Collar and cuffs, to speak figuratively, are fitted on, though there is no button at the back, and nothing to hitch to, front or rear. It is a sad case and quite a misfit. A careful consideration, first, of what the man in the East has, and the adapting of the new to his needs is what Saul learned that day.

We have given to Asia in the missionary propaganda many pieces of Western armour, and nothing more conspicuous than the practice of debate, or what is frequently referred to as 'parliamentary procedure.' A group of people gather together to discuss ways and means of doing the work in hand. The question is tossed into the midst and they go at it something after the manner of a game called "volley-ball." The group falls into parties and after the unhappy question they race, one party determined to put it over the net, and the other equally determined that it shall stay. They foul sometimes and must needs have the umpire call them to order. As the contest waxes hot they grow thin in spirit and fiery in soul. It frequently resolves itself into a gladiatorial grapple that lasts all day, yes two or three days. Sometimes in the heat of the contest formalities are dropped, and "you're another," or some such concentrated expression of soul finds vent. At last the ball is either burst or landed beyond all question, and then they take a breath, and wait for a fresh innings. This is not exactly a true picture of the method of debate, as this possesses a healthful measure of outdoor exercise wholly lacking from the argumentative kind, or as we might call it volley-ball of the soul.

It is said that much light is extracted from the question when it is kicked and tossed and lunged at from all points and angles, and by all kinds of people. The method, however, resolves itself into a contest of only two or three on each side.

Many pretend to take part, but most are only indifferent players, mere onlookers, a side kick that almost dislocates the ankle-bone, or a wild poke at moon and stars being about all their efforts amount to. They run about and shout, but as for getting a home drive at the ball only two or three are ever successful. There are all day sessions when the old hands are at it sending the unhappy question up into the yawning ether, driving it all about the four quarters of the compass, or landing it home amid the applause or condemnation of those who would like to play but cannot.

That such methods should be called "threshing it out" seems quite appropriate, but that light should be said to result from it is a very surprising statement. Heat results, we know, division of opinion, bad feeling, fixed and inflamed party politics. That any such method should be associated with a religious question seems amazing. An ordinary listener, untrained to those mental gymnastics of argument, would say the game was not worth the time it takes, even though it did not sow seeds of discord and cause leanness of soul. To state the question and have it clearly understood, trusting that those who take part have some little measure of common sense that would guide them to vote in a dignified and independent way, would seem best. Still, this debate method is to most foreign missionaries a priceless inheritance "dyed in the wool," and to talk of giving it up would be like laying aside Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter. Let it go. To eliminate all the unreasonable conditions of life might anchor us too deeply to this transient and imperfect sphere.

The question, however, becomes a most serious one when we undertake to put this sort of fiery armour on to the Korean. He is not built as we are; he breathes a different air, and lives under vastly different conditions. To ask him to solve a spiritual problem by an adaptation of "volley-ball" is preposterous. That is not his way. Would that he might say like David "I'm not built for this, please leave me to my simpler methods and my native-sling." But, thinking as he so often does, that custom requires him to fall into line with any manner of foreign proposition, and do whatever the Westerner does, he

submissively consents. His wide pantaloons, unfastened shoes and easily damaged head-gear make a sight to see on this wild foot-ball field, and a sum-total of damage unknown before to the Far East. For the Orient to rise and combat a friend and brother in public as the debater loves to do, is a thing impossible to think of. Unless they be sworn enemies and intend to see it through to a finish it can never be. Hence few ever take any part in debate even though this question-ball is flung at their feet. Their natural way is to submit to some leader or other, right or wrong, and let logic go to the winds. Perhaps the most useless and hurtful movement that ever took the young people of this country was the epidemic of debate seen some years ago, a manifestation devoid of anything in the way of earnest study or useful knowledge, but full of windy vanity. To make this the method of arriving at spiritual conclusions is unthinkable. Rather let us have the eternal silence of the Buddha, the long quiet prayers, the hours of meditation, the gentle statement of the need, the upward look, the clarified and beautified vision, and then that decision that comes without heat or stress of soul, but with a satisfaction that is worth more by reason of the way it comes, than for the thing attained. Might this be our method, one that conforms to the spirit of Asia, and is better in essence than any parliamentary procedure or argumentative method whatever!

A PERSONAL NOTE FROM AFRICA

At one time Miss Sue Hopkins greatly desired to go as a missionary to Africa. Later, one of her pupils went to Africa, and in this personal letter gives an insight into the life at his mission station. Miss Hopkins says: "Judson King is my substitute in the foreign field. He went to school to me for four years. He was interested in missions, but did not want to be a missionary. Everything he undertook failed, until he went to Northfield to prepare for the field. Then everything opened up, he graduated from University of Michigan, studied tropical diseases in England, the language in Belgium, and sailed with his wife, who is a nurse, about the time the war broke out. Part of the time the first year they cared for three thousand patients in a month!"

Banza Mauteke, Congo-Belge, Africa, October 11th, 1916.

DEAR MISS SUE:—

At last I am ready to answer your letter of May 23rd.

Seoul? Well that *is* a change! I am very happy to know that you are given an opportunity to go to a foreign country and have a hand in the work you have so long wanted to do. I share your joy very truly. There you are in a land that is among the advancing and civilized nations of the world. The harshness, inconveniences and struggles that must be endured in a new country will not bother you. I suppose you even see missionaries wearing silk hats, or at least they do in many places in the Orient.

You cannot find my "town on the map!" Well, well, I thought we made fuss enough here to be recognized. We have a few native huts and three missionaries' houses, besides the chapel. You can find Matadi on most any map; we are three days' journey east of Matadi and about twelve miles south of the Congo. Perhaps we are sixty or more miles east of Matadi. I'm sure the man who named our town must have arrived in the rainy season, for Banza Mauteke, literally translated in its most poetical meaning is "City of Mud." We are in the world famed cataract region. I have just returned from Stanley Pool where we had conference this year.

Angie is quite a young lady now (two years old), as independent as is well for even an American to be,—wants to be where things are going on. If I was half as full of mischief as she is then I must have been a bad one. She can keep her mother, father, and the boys in trouble. She likes to get out doors alone and start all the mischief she can before the "relief corps" can arrive. She is strong, sturdy, and fit as can be. But first, last and always she is a little lover with a heart as big as can be fitted into her small frame. She loves Jesus, His name is the first word she ever spoke. She is very fond of going with me to the hospital to see me care for the sick; that is about the only time she seems to take life seriously. She loves to talk to the sick natives and tell about the pictures of Jesus on the wall. She is unlimited energy. Her long dark eyelashes, big blue eyes, pink and white skin, (a bit dusky

from the tan) and her curly, light brown hair, make a picture, but it is not complete until you see the saucy little way she carries herself. I see where we have our hands full not to spoil her or let her spoil herself. She talks fairly well in English, and can talk quite a little Congo when she wishes to do so.

Judson Coleman King, Jr., who came to town April third, is second to none, well, strong, big, happy, always carrying that smile of contentment which shows a thoughtful, resting nature never annoyed by life's petty trials. Yet he is as quick as a cat to see things that are new and interesting, likes a good frolic and rough-house any time. When put down in a place alone he is perfectly contented and plays by himself or goes to sleep. He is little care, but lots of comfort to us. He and Angie are great lovers and play fellows.

Cora (his wife) seems to take to Congo climate like a duck to water. She is strong and well,—has had fever but once, over a year ago.

Furlough is due in April and we plan to stay perhaps fourteen months. I have money to build a hospital and equip it,—mostly given by one man—(whose name I cannot yet tell). I am to have a trained nurse from America, also eight natives to help her and learn to be nurses.

The medical work story is a long one and time fails me to tell it now, but one of the things I have accomplished, a thing which was said to be impossible in Congo, was to make my dispensary work pay for itself and the hospital and help. This I feel very proud of, because it was done during the war when drugs are high. I have also had three natives in training and have visited all of this district with drugs and the gospel.

When I get my hospital I shall be in clover and hope then to be able to begin a *real* medical work as I have a vision of how it ought to be.

I have just finished my final language examination, and came out with a grade between 85 and 90 tho the standard has just been raised, and one of the men who set the paper told me I would have the hardest examination any candidate

had seen in Congo, and if I passed I'd be ready to take his place on the examining committee. I thanked him. It was all they promised, and some one had to be the first goat. Now we have a good grammar for the beginner, but I had to dig all I got out of the natives, with no grammar—up to the last few months of my second year. I was examined for four days—and survived!

With the medical work, the itinerating, language and home duties you may judge if it isn't enough for one man on his first term, when language is said to be the first thing, which however is not so.

Another side of my life is a fondness for hunting big game. This is the place of all places for such hunting. This last season I've pretty well supplied the church people along my itinerations with the much coveted meat. The hippopotamus when in the water is about the hardest to kill, while the African buffalo gives the most sport and is the most dangerous to hunt.

I have a beautiful hide of an African leopard on my sitting room floor. The elephant is awkward and an old blunderer. When hunted he will rush for the place he saw you, but if you move away quickly, he goes on to the spot where you were. The hippo on land is not a dangerous foe, but in the water, he promises everything unto the smashing of your boat into toothpicks. The wild buffalo has mankind marked as his foe. I had a herd of twenty-five after me and I had just time to kill one and climb a tree as fast as ever I did in my life. A tree is the only refuge from the buffalo, and if you have not taken your gun with you, or killed one of his mates, he will wait for your departure from the tree,—giving it a good shaking once in a while to help you down. More than one man has been shaken down, and one of our young men died in the tree of fright and exhaustion. They are tricky, going into the grass until you come down, then they are ready for you. Not one scrap of these animals is wasted, even the hoofs are eaten by the natives. But I must stop telling hunting tales.

You have a pretty good picture of my life and doings here.

We have a tennis court in our yard—so Cora and I can have exercise most every evening. The other missionaries at the station are too old for outdoor games, and too serious for indoor ones, so we look out for ourselves.

I expect to build a house for myself when I return to Congo, and fit out a yard to suit myself. . . . I have surrounded this yard with a nice lawn in place of the brown clay that was all one could see when we came, and added some pretty rose beds and other flower beds and shrubs. We have a very pretty compound and will gladly pass it on to some new missionaries when we build our new house and arrange a new compound to our liking.

We have chickens enough to furnish us with eggs and meat.

We have a garden all the year round.

We have fruits in abundance, oranges, limes, lemons, grapefruit, bananas, plantains, guavas and so on—we also raise our own coffee.

I make a fine palm oil soap and sell to the natives cheaper than they can buy an inferior article from the traders. We make all our own toilet and laundry soap.

I shall try to make candles sometime from the wax that is thrown away, and so help the natives to get money for their wax and have money to buy these candles. That is work for my next term.

A great problem is to teach the native to utilize the things he has, to make money to buy his cloth, and other necessities of life. We need industrial workers.

Well, now I must say "goodby"—

Cora joins me in sending love and best wishes.

I shall wait with interest to know all about your work and your future plans. May God richly bless you in your work. We shall not forget to remember you often in our prayers.

From your old school-boy, in His service.

JUDSON C. KING.

LANGUAGE QUESTIONS

A friend in the far north (A. H. B.) asks, "Will you please tell how to say, "Let's take off our shoes and go in." 신벗고 드리갑세다.

"I am hungry : Let's eat and then go." 시장하니 먹고갑세다.

He asks if *hago* would not be better than *haya* in these. Certainly! *Haya* would be wrong, *hago* is the correct and only form to use. Then he follows it logically by the question, "Why not use it then for 'Let us rest and go' "? We would answer that if the resting can be regarded as a separate act quite disassociated from the going, we would say *soui-go kap-se-ta* ; but if it is going you have in mind, with the resting merely preparatory to it, as is the natural thought, then it would be *soui-u kap-se-ta*.

Notice in this expression, *muk-ko kap-se-ta, Let's eat and go*, eating and going are not necessarily associated, so they are two acts; but we can say 밥다 먹어 갑니다. This does not mean that I eat the rice, or that I go, but that the rice is being all eaten up, or rather *The rice is all giving out*. Here the eating and going are not two separate things, but one and the same, so *haya* is used and not *hago*.

Another friend (S. C.) gives the following translations
추어죽을줄심각하엿소.

This would mean *He was so cold I thought he would die* ; not *I was so cold*.

솜에서전장을보고 티 단하오
should be corrected to read 솜전장을보니 티 단히 참혹하데다

For the sentence, *He bit into a piece of dynamite ; imagine the result* 그사람이 폭발약조각을 씹어 무릿스니 결국이엇더 케되엿슬고.

Other sentences by S. C. were correct.

DIFFICULTIES IN KOREAN

"HE IS COMING."

A friend asks, "In how many ways can you translate the sentence *He is coming*. Please give us an answer in the next Magazine."

This looks very simple, but there is yet a measure of difficulty attending it not evident on the surface. On first thought I would say **옵너다**, or **온다**. These mean, among other things, *He is coming*. I may see him approaching and say *om-nai-ta* and it is correct. I can say, however, **티일옵너다** *He is coming tomorrow*, using it as a future. This is also correct. There is no doubt as to his coming in either case; in one, I see him approaching; and in the other, my knowledge is sufficient.

But another form suggests itself, namely, **오지오** or **오지** *He is coming*. Is this the same in force as *om-nai-ta*? Yes, and no. Sometimes it is, and sometimes it is not. For example you say *Nai-il o-ji-o*, or *Nai-il om-nai-ta* and they are about the same. Perhaps the certainty and definiteness that attends *om-nai-ta* is slightly lacking in *o-ji-o*, but for all practical purposes they are the same. You can say **지금오지오**, *He is coming now*; and you can say **지금옵너다** *He is coming now*. In the former case you do not see him, (if you did, the sentence would be wrong); in the latter, you may. To further illustrate this you may say **거기옵너다** *There he comes*, but you cannot say **거기오지오**. We conclude from this that *o-ji-o* is not so definite a form as *om-nai-ta*, but has something of uncertainty, and is a future form, never a present right-before-the-eyes form as *om-nai-ta* may be.

I say **무슨소리인가드러보아라** *Listen! What sound is that?* The answer comes **네 뜻지오** *Yes, I'll listen*, but **뜻심너다** means *I'm listening*. **하라면하지오말나면말지오** *If you tell me to do it, I'll do it; if you tell me to stop, I'll stop*. I ask *Are you not working?* **일아니하느냐** The answer is **네하너다** *Yes, I am working*, meaning I am engaged in the work now. But I ask **왜아니하느냐** *Why are you not working?* and the answer comes **네하지오** *Yes, I am going to*, which expresses a promise for the future only.

Another form suggested is **옵데다** or **오더라**, *He is coming*. But *om-nai-ta* means *He is coming*, and so does *o-ji-o*, wherein lies the difference? *Op-te-ta* means that you have seen him on the way and bear witness to the fact. The **데다** and **더라** endings might be called 'witness endings.'

We can say 어제돈줍데다 *He gave the money yesterday* (for I saw him give it, would be always understood). Tang-sin-i op-te-ta, *You were coming* (for I saw you, understood). We see then that op-te-ta may be used as a present tense or a past, and that it always implies that the speaker has seen or heard it himself.

There is still another form 오닌다 or 오느니다 that means *He is coming*. Wherein does this differ from the others? It is not used by one who sees and says "He is coming," nor by one who witnesses to the fact that he is already on the way, nor a doubtful future like o-ji-o, but a definite statement that implies assuredly, certainly, without question he is coming. You say 아마아니올뜻하외다 *I'm afraid he'll not come*. The answer is 웨오닌다 *Why of course he's coming*.

We have these four ways then of saying *He is coming*. om-nai-ta, *He is coming* (for I see him on the way, or know); op-te-ta, *He is coming* (for I saw him just now on the way); o-ji-o, *He is coming* (not that I see him, or saw him, or know very definitely, but it is my impression that he will come).

om-nain-ta, *He is coming* (for I know it definitely, no question whatever).

How would you translate:

1. If I see him I'll know him.
2. 열흘후면집에가지오
3. They went yesterday for a picnic.
4. He was writing when I saw him.
5. 소금먹은놈이불겹닌다

J. S. GALE.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

The best literati of Korea say a grace before they eat their meals thus: "We offer our thanks to Thee Great Giver of food," at the same time placing a spoonful at the side of the dish.

Farmers, who eat out of doors in harvest time, first take a spoonful of rice, throw it to one side, and say, "Ko-sin-re," "A prayer to the spirit."

Buddhists, too, offer a spoonful, placing it at the side of the dish, calling it *che-pan* (rice-prayer).

KOREA'S NOTED WOMEN

IV.

WANG SO-KOON.

There is another Chinese woman of famous name and note, called Wang So-koon, whom Koreans not only know, but sing and talk of as one of the most beautiful fairies that ever visited the earth. They have learned of her through the songs of the Tang Kingdom that are taught the children at school.

Here is a translation of one of them:

SO-KOON'S COMPLAINT.

"The rule of Han was great of might,
And heroes filled the palace hall;
But I, alas, was bound and sold,
To please the Turk beyond the Wall."

Wang So-koon was a palace lady-in-waiting who lived in the reign of the Emperor Wun-je of Han (48-32 B. C.). In her day there appeared along the upper reaches of the Amoor River the unspeakable Hyoong-no, father of the modern Turk. His presence was so annoying that he frequently made it uncomfortable for the all-powerful Han Kingdom. Han asked this Turk to consider the question of friendship. In reply he said, "Yes, on condition that the fairest princess of the palace be given me."

The Emperor, unable to consent to such a humiliating proposal, gave orders that one of the lesser beautiful be given instead. He commanded his minister, Mo Yun-soo, to have portraits painted of them all, so that he might choose one with which to placate this outrageous barbarian.

Mo was a man who lived by ill-gotten gain, and so he made this a means of extorting money from the well-to-do palace women. They begged him to make their faces beautiful, and gave him rich reward to insure it. One only of their number refused, Wang So-koon, queen of all the beautiful women of her day. She ignored the corrupt minister, and refused to contribute one *sou* to his avaricious schemings.

Mo, incensed at this, had her portrait painted with irregularities and defects that marred it. The Emperor, looking them over, picked out So-koon as the ugly woman and ordered that she be given the barbarian.

Thus, compelled by Imperial command, the hapless maiden came in to make her final farewell to His Majesty, while the Turkoman looked on. Her beautiful face and graceful form upset all the imperial court. The Emperor, beside himself with rage, had Mo beheaded, but even that failed to rectify matters, as the law of Han was unchangeable like that of the Medes. Tearful So-koon had to mount her camel and start across the long weary waste of the Gobi Desert. Finally she reached the Black Dragon River, the Amoor, and here, when crossing the ferry, she plunged in and ended her sorrows. A high mound on the bank marks the place of her burial. The grass grows green upon it at all seasons of the year, which has won for it the name, Verdant Tomb.

Sir John Davis, Governor of Hong-kong in 1844, translated the story of So-koon from a Chinese drama called *The Sorrows of Han*. Thus ends her story. She was not religious, or greatly talented, or almost divine, as were some of the other noted women of China, but for beauty of face and sorrow of heart she was first of all, and these lie very close to the soul of Asia.

From the *Tang-si Hap-hai* we take the following, a song by Sang Kun:

THE GRAVE OF SO-KOON.

Would you had died within the palace hall,
And not off here in loneliness and woe !

The eye-brows of the butterfly have fallen away,
Your bones lie white and bare.

I pass toward the north hard by your tomb,
But rest my horse a while to think of thee ;

The artist's brush hath done the deed of shame,
I weep beneath the shining silent moon.

STUDENT OF THE ORIENT.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION

(Continued from the *April* number.)

When he approached the tree on the hour named the crowd gave way for him. He walked with dignity and the people were irritated by the incredulity written on his face. A clamor of voices insisted that the tree had been felled by axe. At first he glanced at the stump indifferently then lifted his moon-like glasses and examined it critically with growing excitement.

"Where is he?" he shouted and stared into the faces of those about him while his face darkened with anger. Those nearest shrank back apprehensively. "Where is the fiend? where! out with him, down with his house! drive him from the town! kill him!"

The crowd pressed about the stump of the tree eager for revenge upon any one Mr. Cho should name guilty of the crime against the village spirits.

"See there, and there, and there," cried Mr. Cho turning again to the tree and pointing to the marks of the axe. "Some one would bring a curse upon this innocent town. What think you fellow townsmen, what punishment is equal to such crime?"

The little man worked himself up into a rage, staring now at this one, now at that, the while rolling his eyes and sputtering his words with fierce energy. The scene was made more impressive to the villagers as their actor wore the finest of silks and was the most powerful man in that section of the country. A word from him to the magistrate at different times had brought confusion to many who stood listening to him that day. Mr. Cho watched the faces of the crowd with satisfaction.

"What think you?" he exclaimed again, "what shall we do with the villian?"

"Kill him!" some one shouted—the cry caught fire, "kill him! kill him!" they shouted and there was a restless movement like one of their mountain tigers when he lashes himself into action.

"Where is he?" some one shouted, "tell us, where?"

"Where! where!" shouted Mr. Cho, "who is there that despises our spirits, who is it that turns himself and his neighbors against our old religion and boasts that he will change our ancient customs? Who is it that drives our women and our children from our homes and has brought confusion and strife into our peaceful town?" Here he paused to let his words take effect. "Hark you," he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "if this man remains amongst us the fire demon's revenge will be swift, he will burn the houses from over your heads. Yea, watch to-night or he will burn the pillow from under your head. Revenge not this insult, and flies of a wine shop will be no more numerous than the devils around your head at night. What shall we do? Some one says 'kill.' Good, kill him! Tear down his house, destroy him utterly, and run his followers from the town; meet them hereafter, never as friends, but as implacable foes."

"Who?" "Who is it?" "Who?" a score of voices shouted, and the crowd moved in a spirit of savage purpose.

"Who? Who? You again ask me that question? Shall I insult your intelligence by telling you? Are you all such fools, so dull, or long suffering that you refuse to know your enemy?" Mr. Cho finished speaking with his livid face turned full upon the new church.

"Ha-a-a-a! the Christians!" shouted many voices at once.

"Where are they?" and the crowd started at once for the church.

Mr. Cho was immediately lost in the crowd and quickly found his way back to his home and sought out the old school teacher who was busy with his boys.

"What is that row about," Mr. Cho asked as the roar of voices reached the school room.

"I hear nothing," said Mr. Moon, "and my ears are as sharp as any one's ears."

"Listen, then. It seems to me there is a commotion in the town."

Mr. Moon stepped to the door and even his dull ears caught the roar of the mob. The old man hastily seized his hat and in spite of protest from Mr. Cho was out of the door with remarkable agility and ran in the direction of the noise, his following school at his heels. When he arrived the infuriated mob was demolishing the church with clubs and stones. The windows and doors had all been broken in, and they were tearing away at the walls with the fury of maniacs. On a rise of ground beyond the church stood Mr. Kim, his arms folded, watching the church go to pieces. Mr. Moon saw his old friend and joined him.

"What are they doing?" asked the old man, panting loudly for breath.

"Revealing what is in them," replied Mr. Kim.

"But why do they do it," persisted the old man, in great excitement.

"They themselves do not know," was the reply.

"Terrible, terrible, and it was a new building," wailed the sympathetic school master. "Ha-a-a! they will not stop here, Sir, they will make your people homeless, they will destroy Christianity from this town," he exclaimed extending one long bony arm at the mob with his excited face turned to Mr. Kim while his white scanty locks streamed out in the breeze.

"Think not so," said Mr. Kim, "they will hurt some of us and perhaps impoverish some among us. But this work of ours is God's work and not man's and He who is for us is greater than he who is against us."

"Ha-a-a!" shouted the school master in uncontrollable excitement, "it is a goodly property and they are pulling down the roof," and he flung himself from the side of Mr. Kim and ran for the crowd with astonishing vigor. Before Mr. Kim could anticipate his purpose he was among the crowd.

"Stop!" he shouted, "it is a goodly house, you fiends, you brutes!" He waved his thin arms in the air, spreading out his clawlike fingers and shouting at the top of his piping voice.

The mob, intent on destroying the church, centered their fury upon it, and he might as well have shouted to the wind. One end of the church had been torn off, and three men had seized rafters for levers and were prying away at a post which supported one corner of the roof.

"Down with it there," a score of voices roared, "at the post there you, heave! heave!"

The post started and the dust flew from the roof and filled the eyes of all who stood beneath. They staggered back, coughing, sneezing, spitting dirt and dust, and cursing. The men on the roof seeing that the crowd was giving back lost zeal and half paused. At this moment some one caught sight of Mr. Moon waving his arms and heard his shout to stop. His hat had fallen off and his coat swinging open blew out in the wind showing his feeble form.

"You foul nest of vermin, back and out of this, and leave the goodly house alone," he shouted.

Some one set up a cry, "Here he is! Here is a Christian!"

"At him, down with him, kill him," roared the mob, not seeing nor caring who the victim was.

A dozen hands seized the old man and hurled him to the ground and with sticks and clubs from the broken building aimed blow after blow at the prostrate man. When Mr. Moon's head went down Mr. Kim rushed for the mob. He came like a thunder bolt. They had closed up around their victim so close they could not use their clubs and were jostling each other with astonishing fury. The impact of Mr. Kim's huge form swept a path clean up to the inner circle but there the mob stood solid. Placing his hands on the shoulders of two men he sprang over them and came down upon the heads of those who were aiming blows at their victim. He bore them to the ground, and with one motion he lifted the old man from the mass, and held him above his head. Mr. Moon had received a blow on his head, the blood was trickling down his face, and his white hair was streaming in the wind, while his head hung helpless on one side, and his eyes were half closed.

"Look," shouted Mr. Kim, and the noise of the mob subsided at the sight. "Look at your old teacher, see what you have done."

At the word "teacher" there was a pause which started at the center and like a receding wave gradually extended to the circumference. Some stood with clubs half raised, their outer coat off; others were naked to the waist; perspiration streaming down their faces and chests made furrows through the dust that had fallen on them from the roof. The excitement of brute fury still burned in their eyes and faces.

"See!" again shouted Mr. Kim, "see the man who has taught this town all it knows, the man who sat in honorable counsel with your grandfathers—who sent them to win honors at the national examination. Look at the man at whose feet every one of you have sat as learners; look at the man in his poverty stricken old age, who now out of love for you, is teaching your sons to become men. Look at his face!" shouted Mr. Kim, turning him around so that all could see, "see the face of your father! He has blessed you, each one, a thousand times as a mother blesses her babe. You could not let him lie down at last to sleep in peace, but you must batter and bruise him. Look at the lips that have taught you, look at the eyes that have loved you, look at the hair grown white in your service, now matted—What? look! look! red blood! blood from the hands of his children!"

At this appeal, discomfiture seized many, and stirred the closely compact mob of men. There was an evident desire to hide from view as soon as possible, and disclaim any responsibility for what had occurred.

Mr. Kim bore the insensible man in his arms as he would a child, and the mob parted to let him through. With the fickleness of a mob the world over, they soon stood gazing up at the half ruined building wondering at the cause of their fury. The torn roof looked down at them and the hole in the gable seemed to gape open as the mouth of some human victim. They slunk away, in groups, in pairs, till soon the place was deserted.

Mr. Kim carried his burden back to the school room in the house of Mr. Cho. Without ceremony, he laid the old man down on a mat. Immediately Mr. Cho came in and gazed a moment at the face of the unconscious man, then turned upon Mr. Kim.

"What did you bring it here for? I say, what did you bring a dead man in my house for?"

"Not dead, I hope; dead or alive what other home has he?" replied Mr. Kim.

"Where is his wife?" shouted Mr. Cho. "I won't have it, he must not die here, it would be a curse on me. I won't have it, take it away!"

At this moment, Mr. Moon's eyelids twitched, he murmured something and Mr. Kim bent down to listen.

"A goodly building, a goodly building," he said. Then he opened his eyes and looked up into the face of Mr. Kim and for a moment seemed at a loss to comprehend his surroundings. He tried to rise, and a groan escaped his lips. He lay back and closed his eyes.

"Ah, I remember now," he said presently, "did they tear it all down?"

"There is enough still standing for a testimony," replied Mr. Kim. "Are you much hurt?" At this moment Mr. Cho again looked keenly down into the white face.

"What business had he in the row," he exclaimed with exasperation.

"I?" replied the injured man feebly. "I tried to save the house. It was a good house. How much less would you have done?" he added looking up in to Mr. Cho's face. "A man who would feed and care for an old man would have done more; 'twas nothing indeed, I did nothing."

Mr. Cho turned fiercely on Mr. Kim, "I have no place for him I have told you. Move now, quickly. What? die in my house!" continued the fiery little man walking back and forth in the small room.

Mr. Kim looked down at Mr. Cho and his fingers twitched and he wondered again why he wanted to throttle the man, but without replying, he stooped over the school master and

picked him up as he would have raised a child and held him tenderly, then he looked down at the angry man before him.

"I have no home here of my own; there is no place but the road side," he said in a searching voice. As there was no reply he added, "You turn the man out, therefore you surrender your claim on his old home."

"Anywhere, any house you want, but out of here," and he walked to the door and held it open, insistence and menace in the act. "Out with him," he exclaimed, "take care of your own victims. There will be more deaths here if you keep on. It is not enough that you should separate the members of households and make them enemies, but you must excite the people with your fanaticism. Why did you come here?" "You, Sir," he shouted, thrusting his face up into Mr. Kim's, "You will have to pay for this day's work. You think you can cut down sacred trees and excite people to violence and go unscathed? Out of here, your presence defiles my house!"

Mr. Kim carried the old man across the town to the old home that he had been occupying for half a century. It was now bare of furniture. There was a hole in the floor opening down into one of the flues and the floors had already grown moist and mildewed for the want of care.

Mr. Kim sent to one of the Christians for an old mat and then with a hoe dug up mud from an adjoining field and filled up the hole. He then built a fire and the smoke crept up through the repaired spot and blinded their eyes, but the fire warmed the mud floors. Mr. Moon was brought in from the grass where Mr. Kim had laid him during these preparations. When this was done Madam Moon appeared as fast as her legs could carry her. She had been out of the village from early morning and had known nothing of the trouble. She flung herself down by the side of the old man in a paroxysm of grief and wailed as a woman will wail for her dead. She rocked herself on the mat, and moaned with the weird call of the East for the lost.

"Hush," said her husband, "it must be that you are glad that I am knocked to pieces, for to say that I am dead before I am is like wishing I had found the Yellow Valley. You have

been a good wife," he added soothingly when she had stopped her wailing, "you have kept me in clean clothes for sixty years and you have made millet eatable every day you had it to cook. Who could say more than that? The old house may hold out for a few more years and you and I will eat and sleep here as soundly as in any other. We are used to it. Vain we were to expect to fare better, and fool was I to think that Mr. Cho had so far forgotten his nature, or that I had grown so great as to make him generous to me. I taught him as a lad and knew him too well. Yet trusted him, fool was I." Then added meditatively, "That was a good house. A sad waste they made of it." It was a long speech for the wounded man and he lay back exhausted.

Mr. Kim traveled about among his people till he had procured mats, and millet enough to start the old family again in the labor of housekeeping.

Some of the weaker members of the Church came to look at the ruined church and concluded they had business out of town for a time. Others came and picked up the pieces of doors and windows to be repaired. They put the parts in bundles and carried them to their several homes to wait for the final outcome. Many were the questions among them as to who could have cut down the spirit tree, and a feeling of still greater trouble was in the air.

"If," they argued, "enemies had fixed upon that method of persecution then opportunity still stood open for a vast amount of harm." The wounding of their old townsman and friend of the childhood of nearly every man in the town had shamed and restrained them for the present, but had in no way changed the disposition of the people toward Christianity. Indeed their bitterness towards the Christians because of the recent act of violence seemed to have been increased.

Early one morning fire broke out in the roof of a building near where the old devil tree had stood, and it was put out with difficulty. The people of the neighborhood were much disturbed. The next night the house adjoining was visited with fire in the corner of the roof, then the excitement spread through the town.

"We will drive the Christians out. We will pull down all their houses," they said. The third night was no fire, nor was there the fourth night. A stalwart man had taken upon himself to watch for the demon who set the fire. Mr. Kim was confident that he would find him and expose him to the eyes of the public in such a manner that their faith in fire demons would be shaken for all time, but on the fifth night Mr. Kim was called to the bedside of the wounded school teacher. A fever had set in and the old man talked incessantly. He wanted to see the pastor. It was the first time he had spoken of Mr. Kim as the pastor, but now he called for him insistently.

"Tell me," said the school master when Mr. Kim arrived that night, "do you think the jug is an evil? You see," he continued without waiting for reply, "I have not seen the jug for several days, no, nor have I asked for it. Now tell me am I a Christian?" The words were spoken in a hesitating quavering voice. Mr. Kim took the withered hand in his and stroked it steadily while he fought with a lump in his throat. "Am I?" repeated the man again. "Am I?"

"I fear," said Mr. Kim, "I have been a poor teacher. I thought I was making it all plain, but I see I left the impression that being a Christian was the act of denying one's self."

"Don't cry, don't cry," said the wounded man. "You did tell me all right but I was a fool. If it is not giving up the jug and all the other things what is it?" "It is having God within you," said Mr. Kim, "the giving up of sin is the power of God working through you."

"Ha, Ha," chuckled the old man softly, "how can I get him in me? there are lots of things in me but how can I get God there? There is drink devil . . . and hate devil . . . and proud devil. But, pastor, how shall I get God there?" and he looked up earnestly into Mr. Kim's face. "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved," said Mr. Kim. Then he took out his New Testament and read the old story.

After the reading, Mr. Moon lay a long time with eyes closed. Finally he looked up and said, "I wish I could live just one year longer." Here he paused and was silent, "just

one more year," he finally continued, "then I could lay aside the jug, not because I had to do so but because I wanted to do so and could do so."

All night long the fever raged, so Mr. Kim sat by the sick man. Not unfrequently, he stepped quietly to the door and looked anxiously at the roofs of the sleeping town. Mr. Moon had seemed to rest during the middle of the night and then as the morning approached he talked wildly to the youths he had been teaching, calling the names of those whom he had taught fifty years ago, then he was again shouting to the mob to stop. "It is a good house, you young rascals, you young spalpines: leave it alone and back to your lessons there or I will flog the coats from your back."

Madam Moon left the sick man's side when she thought he was entering the yellow valley and went to inform a relative of the family who lived in a neighboring town. Some one else might have been sent but she chose to go. Her absence was not immediately noticed by her husband. She had always held her place in the home as a natural and necessary adjunct, like the furniture or something else connected with his person; not that he lacked affection for her, why should he not love her? Love is an indefinite term to describe the feeling of Mr. Moon for his wife. While no memory of an early acquaintance and passionate attachment lingered in his mind, for how could that be, when parents choose one's bride, yet the quiet little woman during the half century had become a part of his life. He never cast up accounts to estimate her value. How could he? Why should he estimate the value of his right hand; no one had ever demanded it of him. It was there a blessing and would probably stay there as long as he would need to use it, so why should he be passionately expressive of his regard for it. Because of Madam Moon, he had eaten his rice and slept in comfort and, when out of employment, had often been fed independent of any effort on his part to get a living. She cared for him in sickness, fanned him when hot, and when cold built the hot blaze for him beneath the floor. Good weather brings good crops; sunshine and rain are necessary and good, they are things for which one

should be grateful, so he was grateful for Madam Moon, and when she left him on her errand it fretted him that she was away. He needed things and she ought to furnish them. But the pastor was the one who would understand matters relating to him. Mr. Kim was a man and would of course understand him. So it was that he would call to his old wife to bring him a fan and keep him cool and become peevish when she did not appear, but he would look fondly up into Mr. Kim's eyes and mumble words of gratitude for his attention.

When Madam Moon returned the sun was just trying to send out his long sheen of twilight as a messenger that he was bringing the glad day with hope and strength in his wake. Madam Moon crept in at the door, her old limbs shaking from weariness. She crawled on hands and knees across her husband's mat, as would a faithful dog to its master, and in her face was a dumb look of suffering. She loved her husband as all women love that which they tend and nurse.

"Ah," said the wounded man looking up into her face as she approached—"that's right, now drag me over to the door, I want to look out to where the lads are playing. The rogues, they should be in at their lessons," and he lifted his voice to call them in. "Ho! not here?" he shouted. Then he came to himself as Mr. Kim picked him up and bore him to the door. "Thank you pastor, thank you," he said gratefully. A prolonged wailing from his wife held his attention.

"What is that now," he asked, "what are you crying for?" and his eyes sought hers as she knelt with her hands on the mat and leaned her face over his.

"Is it as bad as that?" and he looked steadily into her face.

Her tears fell upon his face and she hastily brushed them away with the corner of her soiled jacket, but she did not answer. "You were a good wife," he said, "that is true, you were a good wife, a half century of goodness to me—that is a long time, but," he added slowly, "it is only as yesterday."

The sun rose and poured his glory in at the open door upon the sick man.

"Ah, their footsteps are all around me," he said, "the young rascals ought to be here at their studies," then there

was a pause—"Pastor," he continued, with a low quaver, "you say it is easy like that, you forget, I am old, seventy three you see, and I have carried the jug these many years and many a wild thing I did during the long past. They are all before me as if it were but yesterday. Are you sure, it is so easy? Only believe, did you say? Here is my wife, she will tell you that in these many years I have piled up a great mountain of evil, which stares downward to crush me. What did you say? will he carry the burden? I have tried to teach three generations, but at whose feet have I sat? eh? Why did you not tell me before. Who kept this from me so long?"

His mind wandered again, "Hark," he whispered, "they are calling me, many of them, they are coming for old Moon, the lads of my school room," and he whispered the names of a generation long since forgotten.

Mr. Kim straightened out his limbs and the old white face turned on its side toward the door and Madam Moon wailed for her loved dead.

At that moment a company of men from the village appeared with clubs and stones. They surrounded the house with loud execrations, their hats were off and their coats had been laid aside. Some of them wore nothing but their trousers tied around their waist.

"Here he is, here he is," they shouted as they caught sight of Mr. Kim through the open door, and instantly the mob rushed to the end of the building. They held their sticks above their heads and their fell purpose burned in their eyes. Then they saw the body of their old teacher stretched out before them and they paused. Mr. Kim was kneeling at its feet while Madam Moon rocked herself and wailed, not loud as people usually wail, but in quavering sobs, with grief too deep to be expressed by the voice. She ran her fingers through his hair and touched his forehead and cheeks with the tips of her fingers, then laid her cheek against that of the dead. She called him by all the endearing terms she knew and the crowd of wild men stood and stared at her—and the dead.

"Old Moon is dead," they whispered, and forgot the sticks in their hands.

Mr. Kim picked up the thin body and carried it close to the door. He laid it out on a mat before them and the angry townsmen scattered and sought their homes. There were those among them who greatly feared what might be the result of a complaint to the magistrate.

"Old Moon is dead," they said, "killed by a mob," and the town was afraid. When a search was made in was discovered that Mr. Moon had but one family of relatives, and they were poor. Who then would bury the dead?

"You are not Christians," said Mr. Kim, "neither is Madam Moon, nor did Mr. Moon attend church during his life, but if you so desire we will gladly see to it all and bury him as the Christians bury." "But," they said, "if you bury according to Christian rites then you will be unable to get anyone to carry the dead, and who is there except the professional that will dare to touch the bier of the dead and be defiled thereby?" "I will attend to it," said Mr. Kim.

A few hours later, a body of Christians gathered at the house, and with their own hands placed the remains of the old school master in a coffin and without noise carried him to the half wrecked church, and there a great crowd of curious people gathered outside of the building and looked on in perfect quiet. Mr. Kim preached of the forgiveness of sins to the living and of eternal happiness for the dead.

At the close the little body of Christians gathered around Mr. Kim and urged him to leave the town for a period.

"Last night," they said, "fire broke out in the thatched roof of a half dozen houses in different parts of the town, and the people are not going to stand it. They say the devils are angry for the insult to their tree and will destroy the town, unless the townsmen speedily destroy the one or ones who committed the desecration. You had better go," they urged, "to-morrow it may be too late. They have also threatened us and our houses, but what would we do if you were destroyed?"

"What do you suppose is the cause of these fires?" he asked. None could give a satisfactory answer and some were sure it was really the work of a demon to get rid of the Christians in the town. "I will stay," said Mr. Kim.

The Christians picked up the coffin and started with it out across the field. A shout arose from the crowd they were leaving, and three men came running towards them with a larger crowd at their heels. "Stop!" they shouted, "you Christian dogs, stop!"

The bearers paused, and set the coffin down. "Where are you going?" they demanded.

"Out yonder," the bearers said, pointing to an open place on one of the hills where a grave had been prepared.

"What," one shouted, "out there? What necromancer has ever found any thing commendable in that site? We see your wickedness. This man was not a Christian and you want to work evil for his departed spirit out of spite and thereby bring his wrath down upon us." He turned to his companions, his face red with wrath. "What, Sirs, see you the insult? no flags, no chanting, no mourners, no drinking. They have defiled our ancient customs and defied the spirits. Treating the oldest man in this country as they would treat a dog, burying him as one would bury a beggar. The man who has been the teacher of this town for three generations. Out with you." He threateningly approached the nearest pall bearer. "Get the wine and the necromancer, and secure a lucky place on the mountain for the burial."

Mr. Kim stepped quietly in front of the coffin, and motioning with his hand said, "You have stated the matter correctly. This man did not attend the church, and unless it was with the drawing of his last breath he never learned anything of our faith. You are right in claiming the body. We are doing it because there was no one else willing to do it, therefore, we cheerfully turn the work over to this gentleman who has called us to a halt." The bearers stepped aside with Mr. Kim, and left the coffin with the crowd. But they were not looking for a chance to bury the dead. Some of them would not come near it, nor touch the bier under any consideration.

"We?" the leader shouted, "not we. You do it, but do it according to our custom. Honor the rites of the sages." The Christians withdrew and moved as if to return to the village. Seeing that the coffin was being left in their charge the crowd

were panic stricken and fled; the most boisterous ones among them were in the van. The company of Christians watched the crowd disappear into the town and then quietly returned and took up their burden and soon lowered the remains of the old teacher Moon in the grave.

"I do not doubt that you are right in your surmise," said Mr. Kim, addressing his people, "but I think that you would find the demon is in the heart of a certain man who lives here. You need not diminish your belief in the fact of a personal devil now that you have become Christians, but you had better limit the sphere of his activity to the hearts of men. The devil may start the fires but the match is carried in the hand of some man."

Then Mr. Kim told how, by watching the streets for two nights, certain demons had not dared to commit those particular kinds of crime. He proposed that the town be divided into sections and a member of the company be assigned to each section to seize any one whom they found setting fires. The proposition was agreed upon, and all night the town was watched, but there were no alarms. They slept the next day, and the following night they watched again but without better results, and some of the watchers gave up the task as fruitless and impracticable, "For," they said, "who would suffer himself to be caught?" No, they would go to bed that night. It thus resulted that Mr. Kim moved silently about in the shadows of the buildings all night alone. He had finally taken his stand opposite the yard gate of Mr. Cho, and stood shielded by a growth of gourd vines that ran over a neighboring wall and rambled up over the roof of a house against which he leaned. A pestiferous dog came out of the opposite compound and set up a howl, and was joined by a pack throughout the town. This particular dog would approach Mr. Kim's hiding place, sniffing out at him and then dart off with a wild cry. This he repeated a number of times till the whole town echoed from end to end. At each approach the dog grew bolder, till at last he placed his nose quite up to Mr. Kim's hand, when with the other hand he seized the animal by the throat, shut off his voice with one mighty grip, and lifting the

dog from the ground swung him into the air. The animal shot upward over the low roof of the adjoining house and down into the yard. There was a dull thud, followed by a whimpering, then all was silent. A number of householders opened their doors and looked out, but soon all was quiet. Mr. Kim stood there till he ached with the cramped position and was on the point of giving up the watch for the night, when he heard a movement at the door opposite him. There was a soft scuffling of feet, the door opened softly, and Mr. Kim peering out through the gourd vines saw a dark figure step out into the street. Mr. Kim waited till the shadow had turned into a side street and with the silence and swiftness of his mountain tiger followed. As he peered around the corner and looked down the street, the figure was still pursuing its way in stealthy silence. Again, it turned up a second street, and immediately Mr. Kim was at the corner, and when he peered cautiously around, he saw a man of nearly his own height looking steadily at the roofs above his head. Finally the man bent over and hunched his coat up over his head: there was a moment's pause and a light flashed out from beneath his coat, then all was dark again. Mr. Kim stooped so the view of the man was brought between him and the sky. He saw the strange figure straighten up and his hand went up into the thatch of one of the low houses, and when he withdrew it a tiny light stood there like an eye of some evil thing. In an instant, Mr. Kim was upon the man and had hurled him to the ground. The surprise was complete, but after the first shock, the fallen man struggled fiercely to rise, but Mr. Kim pinioned his hands back of him and held him. The scuffle had not been without noise, and the dogs again set up pandemonium which brought the people to their doors.

"Will some one come out?" Mr. Kim asked of the house opposite. Immediately a half dozen men stood around him and his prisoner.

"Look up at that roof there and see what you can find," commanded Mr. Kim. Some one did so, and pulled out a piece of fuse made of hemp and used by hunters for their matchlocks. The people greeted the sight with a storm of wrath.

Mr. Kim explained how he caught the man in the act. Several would have immediately wreaked their wrath on him, but Mr. Kim forced them aside.

"Who is he?" a dozen voices asked at once and insistently.

"Bring a light," Mr. Kim demanded, and several started for that purpose.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Kim close down to the man's ear. "Tell me quick, before the lights come. Your case is urgent. Are you a resident of the town?"

"No," was the muffled reply.

"Who then?"

"A stranger from a distance."

"Who set you at this work?" No answer.

"Did Mr. Cho set you at this?"

"Yes."

"Did any one know you here?"

"No," was the sullen reply.

When lights came the man was dragged to his feet and his clothes examined. A bundle of fuse was found on his person, at the sight of which there was an uproar of voices. Mr. Kim still held him and explained how he had watched to catch the man. Did any one know him, had any one ever seen him before? There was no one who seemed to know anything about him. "Now see here," said Mr. Kim, turning to his trembling prisoner, "Answer me one question, did you set the other fires? You know what it means if the magistrate asks you that question, and it will be easier to answer it now than then; there is more mercy here. Did you do it?"

"I did," was the reply.

"Did you do it to persecute the Christians?"

"I did," stammered the frightened man.

"Now fellow townsmen," said Mr. Kim, turning to the crowd, "You have it from the man's lips whom we have caught in the act. Now, it is fair for the sake of justice to other citizens, that you admit they had nothing to do with this matter; that the devil who is firing the town is this man. Is that not so?"

"Why, we can't blame the Christians," some one replied, "that is right," repeated others.

"What shall we do with him?" asked Mr. Kim.

"Kill him," they shouted, "condemn him by the decree of the town and execute him by the law of five, the club, spear, and gun is the law of the land, by it let him die," shouted many, and there was a restless movement toward the prisoner.

Mr. Kim beckoned with his hand for attention. "Wait," he said pointing toward the east, "the light is just breaking over yonder mountain. Wait till the town shall assemble. Unless the whole town takes part in the condemnation, a few will have to bear the responsibility. Do you want to bear it alone? It may be a heavy burden. He who bears the weight of a man walks not easily. What say you, shall we wait an hour till the sun is up and the people gather?"

"Wait," some one shouted, and it was taken up and passed from lip to lip, "Wait."

Mr. Kim breathed a sigh of relief for the respite.

The man was shaking in every limb and was trying to make his voice heard. Mr. Kim heard the words Cho, and ordered him not to speak that name.

"What say you," called Mr. Kim again, "Who in this town has influence with the magistrate?" the people waited. "Mr. Cho?" he suggested "Cho," they called, "that is right, Mr. Cho," they repeated.

"Good," said Mr. Kim, "we will take him there to be judged. He has a great compound where many can gather," and the people opened a lane to let him through with the prisoner.

(To be Continued).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

10—In a letter of inquiry from a reader of The Korea Magazine is the following question, "Will you tell us the significance of piling up stones before trees situated in narrow defiles or passes, and spitting on passing them."

The Magazine has not been able to find any authoritative statement regarding the matter of sacred-trees or hill-shrines, and so has to rest its answer on the somewhat shifty sands of

tradition. The best traditional statement that it knows, and the one that seems the most reasonable, runs like this: Koreans have, since ancient days, been master hands at stone throwing. The old stone-fights proved this. Anyone who saw how a comparatively little man could send a small rock hurtling through the air, realized that the Korean had propelling power in that direction, most remarkable. The land is equipped with stones of all sizes and these were his munitions ready to hand against the enemy.

He believed also that each was guarded by a god, *Sau sil-lyung* being one of his common words. What then would seem more reasonable than to drop a stone at the base of the god's tree, for they usually lived in trees, and so have it ready against encroaching Mal-gal savages, or Ok-chus or Sun-bis or Ki-tans or Tol-kwols or Mong-gos such as Korea used to be infested with. Guard the passes, and you hold everything. This would seem a reasonable explanation; but what Lloyd George first proposed that they do it or when he lived is lost in the shadows.

The spitting on these stones as they pass is a very peculiar custom. To spit on a Korean would be the extreme limit of insult, that life itself could hardly suffice to pay for; but to spit on, or spit at, the spirit of the hills would seem to be going it even one worse. All circumstances would seem to say that the spitting had not to do with the spirit but with something else.

Now here is one story that may be true and may explain it: Centipedes live among stones, so a pile of stones suggests centipedes. In the mind of a Korean a centipede may be 18 inches long and 2 inches wide, equipped with an electric speed proportionate to the number of legs underneath him, and with a power to bite unimaginable. He becomes a real fear and dread to anyone passing a heap of stones.

The recognized protection against centipedes is that spittle that every man possesses. Spit at him and he flies as though for his life. The passing Korean spits to warn off centipedes that are supposed to frequent every pile of stones.

This explanation is thoroughly Oriental, though it may not seem reasonable.

INTERPRETING FOR CAPTAIN SHUFELT.

By F. M. BECK.

In a conversation with Dr. Hunter Corbett, a man who has devoted many years to missionary work in China, he told me of his trip to Korea as interpreter for Captain Shufelt at the time when he went to investigate the murder of certain Americans. Thinking that this might prove of interest to the readers of *The Korea Magazine* I have written up his account of his experiences at that time. Let me give you Dr. Corbett's account as nearly as possible in his own words.

"We left Chefoo in January 1867 on the American man-of-war "*Wachusett*," Captain Shufelt, afterwards Commodore, in command. Captain Shufelt took as pilot a Chinese fisherman from Chefoo, who had done a great deal of fishing along the shores of Korea. We went up the Yalu River and anchored there many days. I had brought my Chinese teacher with me, and we went on shore to the nearest village and tried to get acquainted with the people there. The only way we had of communicating with the Koreans was by writing Chinese characters. Of course this made it very hard for us to understand each other, and also took a great deal of time. After several trips to the village we were finally able to persuade an old gentleman there to send a letter to Seoul to the king. This letter stated 'that an American sailing vessel had gone over to Korea to trade and was stranded at low tide. The foreigners were all murdered. This Captain had come over to find out all about the matter, and asked a speedy reply. The cause of these murders must be found out at once, or we may have war, whereas we want peace.'

Besides sending this letter I also gave out some portions of scripture to the villagers but whether these ever bore any fruit or not I am unable to say. After waiting many days no reply came to the letter and so Captain Shufelt returned to Shanghai.

"One year later another vessel went over with Dr. C. W. Mateer as interpreter. On arriving at this same village on the Yalu river they found a reply to the letter giving the Korean

version of the affair. The substance of their reply was as follows:—"When the sailing vessel arrived the Koreans gathered to see the foreigners. The foreigners became alarmed, not knowing that the Koreans had just gathered for a sight-see. They dropped some powder into the powder magazine thinking that this would scare the Koreans, but instead the whole thing blew up, and both ship and men were destroyed." This second expedition was unable to get any further light on the subject and returned. Dr. Mateer however found out that the old gentleman, who had sent the letter to the king in Seoul, had been beheaded while the American vessel was still there.

"Later another ship went over with Mr. Edward Drew as interpreter. When passing a fort near the river the Korean soldiers fired upon the man-of-war. A lieutenant was struck, and later died from the effects of the wound. The man-of-war returned the fire and silenced the fort, presumably killing some of the people.

"No settlement was made until later Captain Shufelt, through the influence of Lee Hung Djang (Li Hung Chang), succeeded in making a treaty with Korea.

"It seems that some men from Shanghai went over to Korea believing there was some treasure in a king's grave which they thought they would be able to secure. These men did not do themselves much honor in the way they treated the Koreans. Then some Frenchmen went over, and they likewise were not of much credit to the land from which they came. It was evidently because of these experiences that the Koreans had obtained their hatred of all foreigners which it took many years entirely to overcome."

